

CDC
SIX-GUN HEROES

NO. 28

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

Six-Gun Heroes

10¢



ROCKY LAKE



LASH LERUE



TEX RITTER



TOM MIX

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MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR



Rocky Lane

in

THE CRIPPLER

TWO MEN WALKING SLOWLY TOWARD EACH OTHER ON A SUN-DRENCHED STREET...TWO MEN WITH HANDS CURLING OVER HOLSTERS...TWO MEN! ONE OF THEM IS ROCKY LANE, SECRET MARSHAL!

THE OTHER IS CALLED *THE CRIPPLER*!

FOLKS ARE GONNA BE PUENTY SURPRISED BY HOW THIS GUN-FIGHT TURNS OUT TO-DAY! I GOT MY NAME BY ALWAYS SHOOTING AT MEN'S LEGS! ALWAYS FOUND IT MORE FUN TO LEAVE 'EM CRIPPLES AN' DYIN' BY INCHES PER THUH

REST OF THEIR LIVES --THAN KILLIN' 'EM OUTRIGHT! BUT TODAY'S GONNA BE DIFFER-ENT...



SIX-GUN HEROES

ROCKY LANE'S TOO PLUMB DANGEROUS TO LET LIVE EVEN AS CRIPPLE! I'M GONNA SHOOT TO KILL TODAY! I'M GONNA KILL HIM FER THUN WAY HE'S BEEN HOUNDIN' ME AN' MY GANG...

LIKE THUN TIME WE WAS PULLIN' THET STAGE ROBBERY OVER AT SNAKE JUMP JUNCTION...

THROW DOWN THET STRONG BOX, DRIVER --OR YORE WIDOW'LL BE WISHIN' YUH HAD!



EVERYTHIN' WAS GOIN' SMOOTH TILL, SUDDEN-LIKE...

'FIGURED YOU MIGHT BE AFTER THIS STAGE TODAY, CRIPPLER!

ARGHH!

HEY!...OOOF!

CRACK!

OWWW!

SOMETHIN'S PHONY ABOUT THIS GUN-FIGHT! CRIPPLER'S TOO SURE OF HIMSELF...

SIX SLUGS ARE GONNA TEAR INTO YORE CHEST, LANE! TWO FER WHUT YUH DONE TO ME AT SNAKE JUMP JUNCTION--AN' TWO FER THUN TIME...

I'LL GIT YUH IF IT'S THUN...



SIX-GUN HEROES

...WE AN' MY GANG WAS RUSTLIN' THET BIG HERD!



POSSE'S LEFT FAR BEHIND,
BOSS---NOT A THING TO
BE AFRAID OF!

BUT YOU'D COME AFTER US ALONE! YUH
OUTDISTANCED US, LANE---GOT INTO THUH
TALL PRAIRIE GRASS RIGHT IN THUH PATH
OF THUH HERD, AN' SET IT FLAMIN'!

THAT
SHOULD
HOLD
THEM!



WUH FIRE
STAMPED
THUH HERD!

GUN' THEN WE TRED TO GIT AWAY, YUH PINNED US
DOWN...



CRACK!
CRACK! OWWW!



...TILL THE POSSE CAME!

TELL YORE
MEN TO
GRAB AIR,
CRIPPLER!

BETTER DO WHUT THUH
SHERIFF SAYS---WE DON'T
STAND A CHANCE...

TWO SLUGS PER THUH STAGE,
TWO FER THUH HERD, AN'
TWO FER...



SIX-GUN HEROES

...THUH TIME--AFTER WE BROKE OUTTA JAIL--THET HE AM MY GANG WAS STRANSIN' UP THUH SHERIFF!

THOUGHT YUH'D HAVE THET NOOSE AROUN' MY NECK, DIDNT YUH, SHERIFF?

YUH WONT GIT HARRY WITH THIS, CRIPPLER!

THET'S WHUT YOU THINK!

BUT JST THEN ...

WHIZZ! SPLATTT!

HEY?

HERE'S A GUN, SHERIFF ... START SHOOTING!

BE A PLEASURE, LANE!

AN' THUH TWO OF YUH BLAZIN' AWAY, MADE 'EM HIT THUH TRAIL AGAIN!

BAM! BAM!

I'LL GIT YUH FER THIS, LANE! I'LL GIT YUH IF IT'S THUH LAST THING I DO!

BAM!

I HOLED UP FER A LONG TIME AFTER THET, TRYIN' TO FIGGER OUT HOW TO GIT YUH, LANE. AN' AT LAST I GOT THIS SURE-FIRE IDEER...

SIX-GUN HEROES

I KNEW YUH FANCY YORESELF THUH
BEST IN THUH WEST AT CLEARIN' LEATHER,
AN I KNEW YUH HATED MY OUTS FER
ALWAYS CRIPPLIN' FOLKS! SO I HAD
MEN POST HANDBILLS...

THE
CRIPPLER
CHALLENGES
ROCKY LANE
TO A
GUN FIGHT

AN' WHEN
I GOT
YORE NOTE...

HAW-HEE-HAW!
LANE'S FALLIN'
RIGHT INTO THUH
TRAP!

CAUSE
THET'S WHUT
THIS
GUN-FIGHT
IS... A
TRAP!
I GOT
A MAN
STATIONED
ON THUH
ROOF OF
THUH
SALOON
AT MY
BACK...

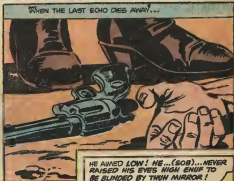
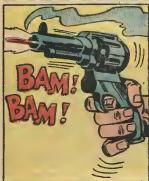
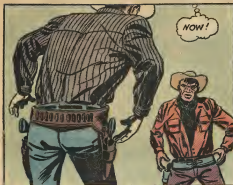
YUH'RE WALKIN' STRAIGHT
INTO THUH SUN, LANE! AN'
A SECOND BEFORE YUH START
DRAWIN', THET MAN OF MINE IS
GONNA HOLD UP A HAND-
MIRROR...

...AN' WHILE YUH'RE BLINDED
BY THUH SUN, I'M GONNA
BLAST AWAY RIGHT AT YORE
CHEST!

ANY SECOND
NOW...ANY
SECOND!



SIX-GUN HEROES



Lash LARUE

and THE KILLERS IN THE HILLS



There was no question about it! The killers were hiding in the hills! But where? Finding out was only half of the danger-packed job assigned to the master of the bull-whip, Roving Marshal LASH LARUE! The other half was catching the killers!

AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE.....

ANYTHING NEW, CHIEF?

NO, LASH, I OPINE YOU'LL HAVE TO COOL YOUR HEELS ANOTHER DAY! THERE WAS A STAGECOACH ROBBERY IN BORDERTOWN, BUT ONLY A WATCH FOB AND A SUITCASE OF CLOTHES WERE STOLEN...

---AND THAT CERTAINLY ISN'T THE KIND OF CASE WORTH PUTTING MY BEST ROVING MARSHAL ON!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, CHIEF, BUT THIS SITTING AROUND IS BEGINNING TO MAKE ME NERVOUS!



SIX-GUN HEROES

MEANWHILE, AT THE BORDER...

HASTA LA VISTA, SHERIFF FINCH?

HASTA LA VISTA! I HAD A GOOD TIME IN YOUR TOWN, BUT AS SHERIFF OF BORDERTOWN, IT'S TIME I GOT BACK TO WORK!



AS SHERIFF FINCH CUTS THROUGH THE HILLS ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE JAIL-HOUSE IN TOWN....

WHOA, BOY! THERE'S SOME-ONE LYING IN THAT BRUSH!



IT'S THE GOLD MINER, JACK BANDER--AND HE'S BEEN KILLED!



I RECKON I'D BETTER RIDE UP TO HIS CABIN AND NOTIFY HIS POOR WIFE! MAYBE SHE'LL HAVE SOME IDEA WHO MIGHT HAVE COMMITTED THIS CRIME!



AT THE CABIN....

--AND (SOS) I'M AFFAIRD I HAVEN'T GOT THE LEAST (SOS) IDEA WHO MURDERED (SOS) MY POOR HUSBAND, SHERIFF FINCH!

WELL THEN, MRS. BANDER, DO YUH KNOW OF ANYONE WHO MIGHT HAVE WANTED TO KILL YORE HUSBAND?



NONE (SOS) EXCEPT THAT SOME VARMINT MIGHT HAVE FOUND OUT THAT HE WAS GOING TO TOWN TO CASH IN ALL THE GOLD HE HAD DUG UP IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS!

MY DEEPEST SYMPATHY TO YUH AND YORE SON, MAM! AND NOW I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT BRINGING THE KILLER TO JUSTICE! LET'S GO, BOY!



WE'RE HEADING BACK FER THE BORDER! WE'VE GOT TO CHECK AND SEE IF ANY VARMINT CROSSED THE BORDER CARRYING MONEY BAGS!



AT THE BORDER....

THE RECORD BOOK SHOWS THAT YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE TO CROSS THE BORDER TODAY!

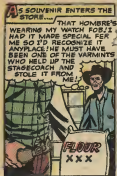
WELL, THAT MEANS THE KILLER IS STILL IN THE STATES! NOW TO FIND OUT IF BANDER WAS KILLED BEFORE OR AFTER HE CASHED IN HIS GOLD! WE'RE HEADING FER THE ASSAYER'S OFFICE IN BORDERTOWN!



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES



AS SOUVENIR ENTERS THE STORE... THAT HOMBRE'S WEARING MY WATCH FOB! I HAD SO I'D RECOGNIZE IT ANYPLACE! HE MUST HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE VARMINTS WHO HELD UP THE STAGECOACH AND STOLE IT FROM ME!



QUICK, SOMEBODY, TIE UP THIS VARMINT! HE'S ONE OF THE OUTLAWS WHO ROBBED THE STAGECOACH!

KEEP HIM COVERED! I'LL GET SOME ROPE!

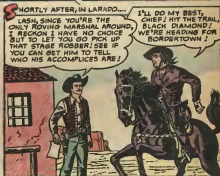


SECONDS LATER... THE SHERIFF'S IN THE HILLS SEARCHING FER BANDER'S MURDERER! I'LL WIRE FER A MARSHAL TO TAKE THIS CRITTER INTO CUSTODY!

I'LL HOLD ON TO HIM! YUH GO GET THE SHERIFF!



THEY'RE SENDING FER A MARSHAL! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA HOW TO FREE SOUVENIR! I'LL JUST HAVE TO LET ENOUGH TIME LAPSE, SO THAT A MARSHAL COULD GET HYAR!



SHORTLY AFTER, IN LARADO... LASH, SINCE YOU'RE THE ONLY ROVING MARSHAL AROUND, I RECKON I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO LET YUH GO PICK UP THAT STAGE ROBBER! SEE IF YOU CAN GET HIM TO TELL WHO HIS ACCOMPLICES ARE!

I'LL DO MY BEST, CHIEF! HIT THE TRAIL, BLACK DIAMOND! WE'RE HEADING FOR BORDERTOWN!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN BORDERTOWN... THAT'S RIGHT MEN, GET THE PRISONER ON HIS HORSE, SO I CAN TAKE HIM OVER TO THE STATE PRISON!

ALL RIGHT, MARSHAL, BUT HOW DID YUH EVER GET HYAR SO FAST?



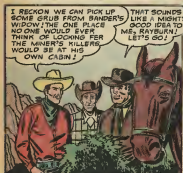
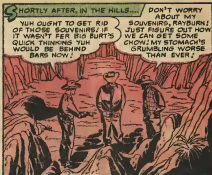
MOVING FAST IS PART OF BEING A MARSHAL! THANKS AGAIN FER CATCHING THIS VARMINT! NOW I RECKON I'D BETTER BE ON MY WAY!



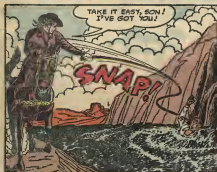
WHEN LASH LARUE ARRIVES... NO WONDER THAT MARSHAL ARRIVED SO FAST! HE WAS A PHONY! WE MUST HAVE TURNED THE PRISONER OVER TO ONE OF HIS OWN HENCHMEN!

IF THEY HEADED FOR THE HILLS, I'D BETTER START LOOKING FOR THEM!

SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES

I TELL YUN WE OUGHT TO GET OUT OF HYAR AND PICK UP THE GOLD AND VAMOOSE ACROSS THE BORDER! IF SHE KNOWS SOMETHING IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE SHE DESCRIBES US TO THE LAW AND WE'LL HAVE A POSSE AFTER US!



I THINK SOUVENIR'S RIGHT! SOMETHING PHONY IS GOING ON! LET'S SHOOT HER AND SHOVE OFF!

LET'S GIVE THE KID ANOTHER MINUTE TO GET BACK! I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF SHE DID TIP OFF THE LAW!



HE'S GOT ONE MORE MINUTE IN WHICH TO GET BACK--OR YOU'RE GOING TO BE FILLED FULL OF LEAD!



MEANWHILE...

THERE'S THE CABIN NOW!

IF THOSE VARNINTS SEE YOU RETURNING WITH A STRANGER THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY MIGHT DO TO YOUR MOTHER! IS THERE A BACK ENTRANCE TO THE CABIN?



NO, BUT THERE IS A CELLAR!

THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH! LET'S GO!



THERE'S THE ENTRANCE TO THE CELLAR! THERE'S A TRAP DOOR LEADING UP TO THE MAIN ROOM!



YOU KEEP OUT OF RANGE, BOBBY--JUST IN CASE THERE IS ANY SHOOTING!

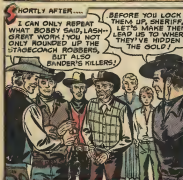


BUT IT LOOKS AS IF THE ROVING MARSHAL IS TOO LATE....

THE MINUTE'S UP AND SO IS YORE TIME, MRS. BANDER! WHEN I COUNT THREE IT'LL BE ALL OVER FER YUH! ONE-TWO--



SIX-GUN HEROES





OUTLAW VALLEY

A RED ROAN Story

By Dick Kraus



THE VALLEY was narrow and green, hidden deep in the El Santo mountain range. High, sheer-faced cliffs ringed it, screening its one tiny entrance. Cleverly camouflaged by nature, the valley was an ideal hide-out for a band of wild horses—or for a man wanted by the law.

At the moment, it was serving as a refuge for both!

Half-bidden by the foliage of a scrub oak, Red Roan stood restlessly.

Behind the great red stallion, his herd grazed peacefully, long tails whisking away flies in the drowsy sunlight. Scattered through the herd, fuzzy-coated colts nuzzled close to the protective sides of the mares.

It was—or should have been—a peaceful scene. But Red Roan was troubled. His keen dark eyes watched alertly, intent on a spot in the valley several hundred yards away. There he saw the thin trickle of a campfire's smoke, and the figure of a single man crouched over the fire. The man had ridden into the valley the day before, galloping at great speed. Once inside, he had plcketed his horse and made camp. Constantly, he had kept his rifle close by his side. And, at every moment, his eyes ranged the walls of the valley, searching, searching . . .

It was this that troubled Red Roan.

For months, his herd had lived undisturbed in the quiet green valley. Now this intruder had come. The intelligent stallion sensed that he was uneasy, that he was being pursued! Would other men follow the single stranger into the valley? Would the safety of the wild herd be endangered? Red Roan could only wait and see!

But he did not have to wait long. A long-legged colt, feeling the first stirrings of his growing adulthood, had strayed away from the herd. Adventurously, sensitive nostrils exploring the breeze, he had trotted down the valley in the direction of the campfire. Red Roan spotted him, and raced into the open to head him off.

At once Clint Sperry, sitting by the fire, rose to a half-crouched position. Gunstock slammed hard against his shoulder, and he squeezed the trigger.

Shots rang out sharply in the little valley. Then the outlaw leaned forward and relaxed—at ease again.

"Take it easy, Clint!" he muttered to himself. "Just a pair of wild hosses! An' you thought it was a posse comin' after yuh! Don't git jittery . . ."

He settled back by the fire. His sinewy hand explored the smooth harrel of the rifle, and his eyes ranged over the walls of the valley. Nothing in sight.

Out on the range, Red Roan bent over the prostrate form of the half-grown colt. Whinnying softly, his moist dark nose explored the young horse's body. Again he whinnied. But it was useless. The colt was dead, slain by the outlaw's bullet. It had ripped through the thin bone of the colt's head, killing him instantly. And across Red Roan's withers a second bullet had hlazed, tearing a deep, angry furrow!

What the great horse feared had come to pass. This intruder had brought with him danger—and death! He had killed one of Red Roan's charges. He had to be punished and his menace had to be removed . . . in some way! Slowly, Red Roan began to trot. Then faster and faster he cantered. Then he broke into a gallop, heading for the narrow entrance of the valley. He was leaving the herd for a time, leaving it to do a job that had to be done!

DAYS LATER, on a mountainside of the Santo range, the roan broncho found what he was searching for.

There, far below him, was a party of riders. They were walking their horses slowly, spread out wide. Each man's eyes were intent on the forest and underbrush ahead, and a carbine lay ready against each saddle horn. On the chests of several of the men, silver stars gleamed.

Red Roan inclined his long head, dark eyes serious.

Then, slowly, he began to approach the riders. His right forefoot clanked against a piece of shale that rolled a few yards. The rattle echoed down the mountainside, and several of the riders reined in their mounts and looked up at him.

"Just a wild horse," one of them called to the others. "But what a beauty! If we weren't out after Clint Sperry, I'd go after that red boy!"

"Look how close he's coming!" another man murmured.

SLOWLY, Red Roan was approaching them, coming down the steep hillside seemingly without fear. Closer and closer he came, closer than he had ever before willingly come to any man.

Suddenly one of the men grunted with surprise.

"Look at that wound across his withers!" he cried. "If that isn't a rifle graze, I'll be hogtied!" Then he paused, as several of the other riders wheeled back toward him. "But how did he get a rifle wound like that . . . in these hills? We're the only riders up here."

"Except for Clint Sperry!" one of the other men broke in. "And that ornery killer's the only critter mean enough to shoot a wild horse like that. I'll bet he's the one did it."

The first rider clenched his fist.

"Bob, I'll bet yo're right!" he exclaimed. "Do yuh think if we followed the stallion, he might bring us closer to Sperry?" He hesitated. "It's a long shot I know, but we haven't been seeing any signs of the outlaw anyway. Let's risk it!"

As the riders reined their mounts toward him, Red Roan slowly turned away.

But he did not gallop. Instead he trotted at an even pace, over the shale, through the underbrush, over the mountainside toward the green valley, where his herd . . . and the outlaw who had killed one of his colts . . . waited.

Behind him the posse followed. They did not know what they would find, but they were willing to take a chance.

BACK IN THE little valley, Clint Sperry gradually became more confident. He slept more soundly at night, and his hand was not constantly on the trigger of his rifle. He thought of the past months, and his thin lips twisted into a smile.

"That bank clerk in Brazos an' the sheriff in Brill City deserved what they got," he mused. "Let any others come after me, an' they'll get just what those wild hosses did a couple of days ago!"

Then he relaxed and smiled again.

"But they'll never find me here," he muttered. "I'm holin' up here till fall, and then I'll strike for California!"

So he dreamed through the hours.

It was late in the afternoon, a few days later, that the outlaw heard the soft shuffle of distant boofs. This time he did not even rise from the fire. "Those wild hosses again," he muttered to himself. "I'm not wastin' bullets this time!"

His eyes half-closed. Minutes later, when he heard the creaking of saddles and men's voices, half-stifled by the breeze, he sprang to his feet. But it was too late! The posse, led unerringly to the valley by Red Roan, had spotted the campfire, and were riding toward it in a spread-out fan! Even now, they spied him. Shouting triumphantly, they surged toward him at full gallop.

Desperately, the outlaw clutched his rifle, aimed it at the first of the riders and fired!

But his aim was faulty and he missed. Before he could fire again, a hail of bullets stormed through the air, smashing him to the ground. He twisted hard as he hit the soil, and opened sightless eyes to the sky. The posse's job was done.

FAR above the scene, Red Roan stood in a thicket.

Behind him, his herd grazed peacefully. On the valley floor below, the lawmen had wrapped the slain body of the outlaw in a canvas poncho, and were riding out slowly. As they passed through the narrow valley entrance, one of them raised his sombrero in a silent salute to the big red horse.

Red Roan inclined his head, then began to crop grass himself. His job was done, too.

THE END

For thrills and spills read
HOT RODS AND RACING CARS
at your newsstand now!

TEX RITTER *in* WESTERN JUSTICE



WESTERN JUSTICE!

THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE IN THE OLD WEST HOPED FOR! BUT VERY FEW GOT IT!... OUTSIDE OF THE TERRITORY, WHERE TEX RITTER HELD OFFICE AS PRISON RANGER, AND BALANCED THE SCALES OF JUSTICE!

AT MIKE KENYON'S RANCH...

YORE A SICK MAN, MIKE! YUH'VE GOT TUH STOP TRYIN' TUH RUN THIS RANCH ALONE!

BUT I CAN'T AFFORD A HIRED HAND, DOC! I LINT ALL MUH MONEY TUH MUH STEPBROTHER, STEVE, AND HE AINT PAID ME BACK YET!

'TAINT NONE OF MUH BUSINESS, MIKE. BUT YORE STEPBROTHER, STEVE, AINT NO GOOD! IF I WUZ YUH, I'D MAKE HIM RETURN ALL MUH MONEY AFORE HE GAMBLLED IT ALL AWAY!

I GUESS YUH'RE RIGHT, DOC! I'LL OT DRESSED AND GO TUH TOWN TUH SEE IF I KIN FIND HIM.

SHORTLY AFTER AT THE DAWSON CITY SALOON...

THAR YUH ARE, STEVE! YUH'VE GOT TUH GIVE ME BACK THE MONEY I LOANED YUH!

BEAT IT, MIKE! CAN'T YUH SEE-- I'M BUSY?



SIX-GUN HEROES

EVERY TIME I ASK YUH TUH GIVE ME BACK MUH MONEY, YUH'VE GOT SOME OTHER GOSH DURNED EXCUSE! I NEED THE MONEY NOW, STEVE!... AND I AM, TUH GIT IT!



NOW COUGH UP THEY DOUGH OR I'LL AIM THIS GUN AT YUH INSTEAD OF AT THE CABIN!



I TOLD YUH TUH BEAT IT, MIKE! NOW GIT!

YUH DIRTY, NO GOOD VARNINT! I'LL PUT A BULLET THROUGH YORE HEART! THEY'LL SHOW YUH I'M NOT KIDDIN'!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOT INTO YOU, MIKE, BUT NOBODY'S TAKING THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS WHILE I'M AROUND!



YOU'D BETTER GO HOME AND COOL OFF, MIKE!



LATER...

STEVE SHOULD BE HOME BY NOW, RANDY. I'M GOIN' TUH PAY HIM ANOTHER VISIT! MEBBE I KIN REASON HIM INTO GVIN' ME THE MONEY! CMCN ALONG, SON!

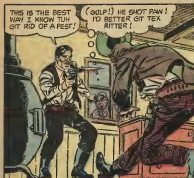


SHORTLY AFTER...

I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF YORE PESTERY' ME FOR THE MONEY, MIKE... VERY TIRED.



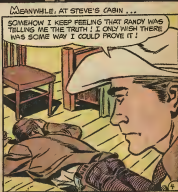
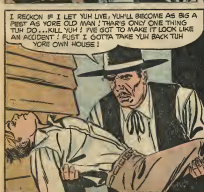
SIX-GUN HEROES



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BUT THE WILY STEVE IS NOT CAUGHT UNPREPARED...



SIX-GUN HEROES

WAIT A SECOND... STEVE CLAIMED THAT MIKE PULLED A GUN ON HIM AND HE HAD TO SHOOT IN SELF DEFENSE! BUT NOW IS THAT POSSIBLE WHEN MIKE'S GUNS'RE STILL IN THEIR HOLSTERS? STEVE CERTAINLY DIDN'T PUT THEM BACK AFTER HE SHOT MIKE!



C'MON, WHITE FLASH! WE'VE GOT TO RIDE OVER TO MIKE KENNYON'S RANCH AND TELL RANDY WE'VE GOT ALL THE EVIDENCE NEEDED TO PROVE STEVE'S THE MURDERER!



MEANWHILE... THAT! I'VE GOT THIS MOOSE NICE AND TIGHT! NOW ALL I'VE GOTTA DO IS SLIP THE KID'S HEAD IN IT! WHEN THEY FIND HIS BODY, EVERYONE'LL THINK HE WUZ SO BROKE UP OVER HIS FATHER'S DEATH, HE COMMITTED SUICIDE!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

RANDY, WHERE ARE YOU? I'VE GOT NEWS...HUH?

TEX RITTER!



WHAT WERE YOU UP TO...TRYING TO COMMIT ANOTHER MURDER?

SO BETTER GIT!



YOU'VE GOT A GOOD START ON ME, STEVE, BUT IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO RIG UP YOUR OWN MOOSE!

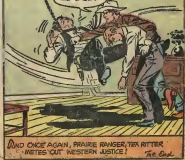


GLUB!

BUT IT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO THE ONE THE STATE WILL RIG UP FOR YOU AFTER YOUR TRIAL!



THIS WENDS UP THE EASE!



AND ONCE AGAIN, PRAIRIE RANGER, TEX RITTER WRITES OUT WESTERN JUSTICE!

The End

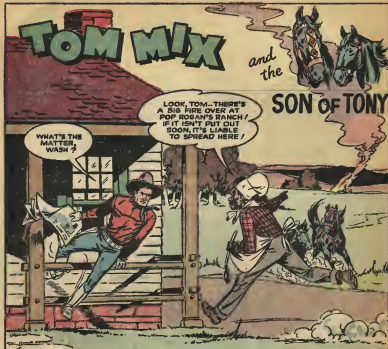
TOM MIX

and
the

SON OF TONY

WHAT'S THE
MATTER,
WASH?

LOOK, TOM--THERE'S
A BIG FIRE OVER AT
POP ROGAN'S RANCH!
IF IT ISN'T PUT OUT
SOON, IT'S LIABLE
TO SPREAD HERE!



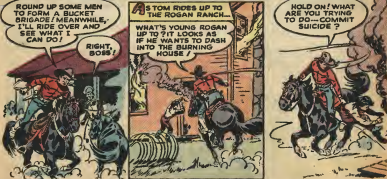
ROUND UP SOME MEN
TO FORM A BUCKET
BRIGADE! MEANWHILE,
I'LL RIDE OVER AND
SEE WHAT I
CAN DO!

RIGHT,
BOSS!

AS TOM RIDES UP TO
THE ROGAN RANCH...

WHAT'S YOUNG ROGAN
UP TO? IT LOOKS AS
IF HE WANTS TO DASH
INTO THE BURNING
HOUSE!

HOLD ON! WHAT
ARE YOU TRYING
TO DO--COMMIT
SUICIDE?



SIX-GUN HEROES

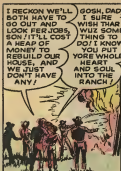


SIX-GUN HEROES



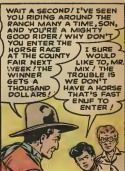
HERE COMES THE BUCKET BRIGADE NOW!

THEY'LL STOP THE FIRE FROM SPREADING, BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE OUR RANCH HOUSE!



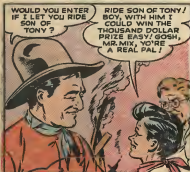
I RECKON WE'LL BOTH HAVE TO GO OUT AND LOOK FER JOBS, SON! IT'LL COST A HEAP OF MONEY TO REBUILD OUR HOUSE, AND WE JUST DON'T HAVE ANY!

GOSH, DAD, I SURE WISH THAR WUZ SOMETHING TO DO! I KNOW YOU PUT YORE WHOLE HEART AND SOUL INTO THE RANCH!



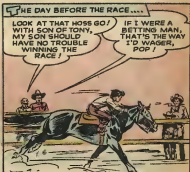
WAIT A SECOND! I'VE SEEN YOU RIDING AROUND THE RANCH MANY A TIME, SON, AND YOU'RE A MIGHTY GOOD RIDER! WHY DON'T YOU ENTER THE HORSE RACE AT THE COUNTY FAIR NEXT WEEK! THE WINNER GETS A THOUSAND DOLLARS!

I SURE WOULD LIKE TO, MR. MIX! THE TROUBLE IS WE DON'T HAVE A HORSE THAT'S FAST ENUF TO ENTER!



WOULD YOU ENTER IF I LET YOU RIDE SON OF TONY?

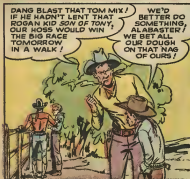
RIDE SON OF TONY! BOY, WITH HIM I COULD WIN THE THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE EASY! GOSH, MR. MIX, YO'RE A REAL PAL!



THE DAY BEFORE THE RACE....

LOOK AT THAT HOSS GO! WITH SON OF TONY, MY SON SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE WINNING THE RACE!

IF I WERE A BETTING MAN, THAT'S THE WAY I'D WAGER, POP!



DANG BLAST THAT TOM MIX! IF HE HADN'T LENT THAT ROGAN KID SON OF TONY, OUR HOSS WOULD WIN THE BIG RACE TOMORROW IN A WALK!

WE'D BETTER DO SOMETHING, ALABASTER! WE BET ALL OUR DOUGH ON THAT HAG OF OURS!

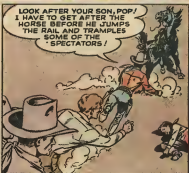
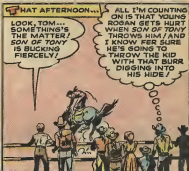


SHORTLY AFTER...

HERE'S WHERE THEY KEEP SON OF TONY! BUT I STILL DON'T SEE WHAT YO'RE UP TO ALABASTER!

YOU WILL IN A MINUTE, WINDY! WE'RE LUCKY NOBODY'S AROUND!

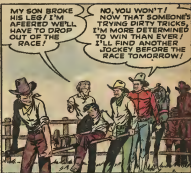
SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES



A BURR / THAT DIDN'T GET THERE BY ACCIDENT!



MY SON BROKE HIS LEG / I'M AFERRED WE'LL HAVE TO DROP OUT OF THE RACE!

NO, YOU WON'T! NOW THAT SOMEONE'S TRYING DIRTY TRICKS, I'M MORE DETERMINED TO WIN THAN EVER! I'LL FIND ANOTHER JOCKEY BEFORE THE RACE TOMORROW!



YOU HEARD WHAT MIX SAID, ALABASTER! NOW WHAT?

JUST STICK WITH ME AND YOU'LL SEE!



THAT NIGHT....

I CAN'T GET THE THOUGHT OF THAT BURR OUT OF MY MIND! I THINK I'LL MOSEY DOWN TO SON OF TONY'S STALL AND MAKE SURE HE'S ALL RIGHT!



LATER---

ALL WE GOTTA DO IS HIDE SON OF TONY TILL THE RACE IS OVER! GIVE ME THE SIGNAL WHEN THE COAST IS CLEAR AND WE'LL GET HIM OUTTA HERE!

BETTER DUCK! SOMEBODY'S COMING--- AND IT LOOKS LIKE MIX!



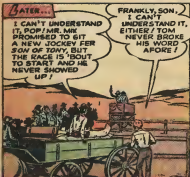
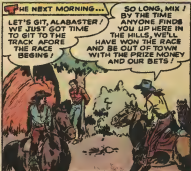
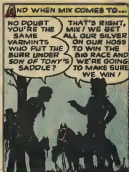
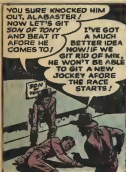
I GUESS EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT, EH, BOY?



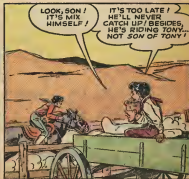
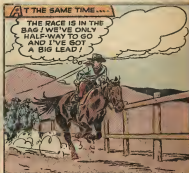
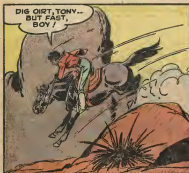
WHAM!

AGGH!

SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-CUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES





Boys! Girls! Be a squadron leader!
Be the first in your gang to send for this official

OUTER SPACE HELMET

WITH MYSTIC
STRATO-VIEWER!

(This can see outer
but nobody can see *you*!)

Here's the greatest appliance ever
offered young outer-space pilots!
It's the official Outer Space
Helmet of the Space Patrol. Get
your own and surprise friends. (They
may even think you're from
Mars!) Ask them to send for
helmet, too. Start saying all
"outer-space"... have your own
private codes... send secret
messages. Imagine the fun you'll
have! Get Mars to buy these
super-charged, good-looking Deluxe
models—Outer Chex and Rice Chex.
Then send for your Outer Space
Helmet right away!

Only
25¢

and one less to buy from Rice Chex
or Wheat Chex. Send with your
name and address to Space Patrol,
Box 100, Wheatland, Texas,
76787. *U.S. only.*

Send no money. We send only
to 10¢. It is all sent by auto-
draw of your check. Local stores
are prohibited or restricted.



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IN YOUR OWN HOME... in **1** WEEK... or

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Enables You To Learn A Complete,
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**NOW
DANCE
THE**

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SAMBA CONGA
TANGO LINDY JITTERBUG
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This new speed-method makes learning to dance so simple, quick and easy — you will amaze your friends in one single week! You'll be able to say "good-bye" to loneliness and "hello" to fun and romance. Of course, if you enjoy being a wallflower this easy, quick, self-teaching method is not for you. But, if you want to get out of your rut and start living — send for this Complete Dance Instruction Course on our **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!** You have nothing to lose, and popularity and good times to gain, so act now! For your promptness, we include without extra charge, a wonderful book of Square Dances.



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BE POPULAR... GET MORE FUN OUT OF LIFE!

The good dancers have the best times... get the most invitations. Here's your chance to own this new, complete, Sheet-Cut Course

to expert dancing. And, **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** if it isn't everything we say it is. The bonus book of Square Dances is yours.

**COMPLETE COURSE of
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MAIL DOUBLE REFUND COUPON NOW!

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Box 463, Midtown Sta., New York 18, N. Y.

Send, at once, the Complete Course of Dance Instruction. For my promptness, include the Book of Square Dances. On delivery, I will pay postage just \$1.98 plus postage. If not delighted and thrilled within 7 days, you return the Dance Course for REFUND OF DOUBLE THE PURCHASE PRICE. The Book of Square Dances is mine to keep.

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for
PROMPTNESS**

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SAFE, NEW,
EASY WAY!



STOPS "BED WETTING"

Without Electrical Devices...
Rubber Sheets... Alarms...

Ends Shame, Discomfort,
Inconvenience
Almost Miraculously!

SIMPLE SAFE TABLET DOES IT

DRY-TABS is the same safe medical discovery that is prescribed by many doctors. Now, it is available for the first time without prescription to all the victims of BED-WETTING who long to rid themselves of this distressing habit once and for all. DRY-TABS is safe, not habit forming, contains no harmful drugs—Follow simple directions.

"DRY-TAB THERAPY" Eventually Allows BED-WETTING Victims to Function Normally Without Further Medication

DRY-TABS, in most cases, does not offer merely temporary stopping of BED-WETTING. In case after case, as revealed in official tests conducted in hospitals by medical scientists, the DRY-TABS formula proved itself to be a tablet that gives direct support to the patient in controlling his BED-WETTING. The benefits of the DRY-TABS formula may be expected to be effective beyond the period when it is taken regularly. It helps the BED-WETTING victim to retain, tends to increase strength of sphincter and detrusor muscles controlling urination. Many cases have demonstrated the use of DRY-TABS after a short time and found they were functioning normally. So BED-WETTING stops do not have to be shown to any kind of medication if their use is the type that responds to the reinforcing power of DRY-TABS. This is probably one of the greatest advancements ever made in BED-WETTING therapy. Yes, once DRY-TABS stops BED-WETTING, its use may be longer be needed, normal functioning and control may be developed almost automatically. So don't hesitate a minute longer. Order DRY-TABS Today!

DRY-TABS Amazing Formula Effective in 95% of Cases



CASE NO. 1. Healthy, boy 10 years old. BED-WETTING since infancy. Child could not break habit. All other medication failed. DRY-TABS formula taken for two three-week periods. Child has retained well for the past three years.



CASE NO. 2. Normal boy, history of BED-WETTING since infancy. Child had no organic defect. Various cures failed. Put on DRY-TABS formula regimen. After a month, habit suddenly stopped.



CASE NO. 3. Male, aged 15 years. BED-WETTING since birth. Many forms of treatment failed. Unable to accept medication to stop wetting at night. Recently married, and embarrassed by habit. After formal tests, we had the first two tablets but never since that time.



CASE NO. 4. Girl, aged 9 years. Wet had since childhood. Nervous, irritable. DRY-TABS formula administered for regular period. BED-WETTING stopped almost immediately. Night relief. Parents administered again. Child responded immediately once more, and history reveals no further relapses.



CASE NO. 5. Man, 40 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second wet and continued to wet. He had no sex within us for following week. Restarted after rest period, and after two-day treatment seemed to retain control of bladder function.



CASE NO. 6. Woman, 56 years old. DRY-TABS formula administered for 4 days. Improvement, open withdrawal of medication, improvement required. Continued gradual return of control. One year without formula and control is adequate.



WHY endure the needless shame, embarrassment, humiliation... the discomfort and distress of this unfortunate habit? Why put up with the only nuisance of changing and washing bed linen and clothes? Why suffer the mortification of foul smelling bedrooms... the expense of ruined furniture... the danger of catching cold and infectious rashes?

Doctors agree that BED-WETTING can cause nervousness, stammering and emotional disturbances in children, very often seriously affecting their future and character, making them "psychologic cripples."

But now the disgrace and danger of BED-WETTING can very easily be a thing of the past with amazing new DRY-TABS. At last, medical science has discovered a safe, new, easy way to stop BED-WETTING without electrical devices... without rubber sheets, alarms or special diets and without interrupting needed sleep. DRY-TABS, in easy-to-take tablet form, does away with BED-WETTING as painlessly, easily and simply as swallowing an aspirin. Yes, almost miraculously, even, safe DRY-TABS, used as directed, help stop functional BED-WETTING... relieve tension and strain, clear the underlying cause in most cases of this unfortunate habit. Now, for the first time, safe DRY-TABS can be obtained without prescription.

DEVELOPED AFTER YEARS OF EXTENSIVE HOSPITAL AND CLINICAL RESEARCH AS REVEALED IN MEDICAL LITERATURE

The discoveries of science, many times, are brought about by indirect means. Take the case of the remarkable DRY-TABS formula. Medical practitioners engaged upon this formula while they were investigating a remedy for another illness. Noting the remarkable effect that this formula had upon BED-WETTING they concentrated their efforts on the new drug and developed the formula to its present state of perfection. The result is the new DRY-TABS, a remarkable tablet that has brought new hope to thousands of unfortunate victims of BED-WETTING. Before this formula was released to the public, it was tested in clinics and hospitals by medical scientists on controlled groups of patients. The DRY-TABS formula is the result of thorough medical research, the same kind of research and care that is given to any problem that is to be placed in the hands of the public. Check too BED-WETTING as one more ailment that has been conquered by the men of science. Think of it, no expensive electrical devices, cumbersome rubber sheets, special diets or mechanical alarms. Just a wonderful new tablet... DRY-TABS... product of medical research... offering the hope of a new future for all those sufferers of BED-WETTING. Be sure to order DRY-TABS today!

ADULTS: START LIVING A NORMAL LIFE TONIGHT!

Scientific tests actually prove DRY-TABS to be 95% effective in stopping this unfortunate habit—even after years of torment! Ends the constant worry of overnight hotel stays and fear of public embarrassment while running on crutches and beams. Don't wait another day if your loved one suffers the humiliation, the disgrace, insecurity and helplessness only BED-WETTING can cause. Order DRY-TABS NOW! Easy to take, can be dissolved in water if necessary. Just follow simple directions.

MAKE THIS HOME TEST: Here is your guarantee of satisfaction. Try one of our remarkable cartridges with DRY-TABS for the prescribed period. If you are not completely convinced with DRY-TABS amazing ability to help stop BED-WETTING your purchase price will be refunded. Accept this remarkable offer. Order DRY-TABS now!

SEND NO MONEY! Just state and address for someone 5-week supply. Or, arrival any payment only \$5.00 per package plus C.O.D. charges on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

GARY PHARMACAL CO., Dept. #2 -
7108 Square Avenue, Chicago 49, Illinois

Please send me 5-week supply of DRY-TABS on guarantee BED-WETTING must be stopped or money back.

- ☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay postman \$5.00 per package plus postage.
- ☐ Check enclosed, we pay all postage.
- ☐ Send 2 packages (5-week supply) for \$9.50.

Name

Address

City State



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title,
"The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed
Man."



PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back THEN I discovered my body - building system, "Dynamic Tension." It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you - then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room - JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky - my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body - watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVER MUSCLE.

FREE My 32-Page Illustrated Book is Yours - Not for \$1.00 or 10c - But FREE

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*. 32 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what Dynamic Tension can do, answers vital questions. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 3253, 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

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Send me - absolutely FREE - a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* - 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.

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Exciting new 21-Card Christmas Assortment at \$1 is a bargain that sells itself. Yet you keep up to 50¢ of each \$1 as your quick, cash profit. Sell 100 boxes to folks you know and \$50 is yours! Low-priced Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, All-Occasion Assortments, Stationery and many other fast-sellers make still more money for you!

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Send no money! We'll send you saleable sample assortments on approval for FREE TRIAL. Act fast and we'll also include Samples of Personalized money-makers FREE. Just fill out and mail coupon.

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